ROUNDWAY HILL,

A

POEM,

BY

T. NEEDHAM REES, SURGEON,

IN

DEVIZES.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, —— ——

—— —— *juvat integros accedere fonteis*

Atque haurire : —— —— — ——

Lucret, de Conſpect.

Quatenus hoc ſimile eſt oculis quod mente videmus.

Idem.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

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D E A I N E S:

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D E A I N E S:

I N

B O E M

A

R O M A N C E

ROUNDWAY HILL.

DAUGHTER of Jove! Pierian Maid!
Indulgent muſe Oh lend thine Aid!
From fam'd Parnaſſus waſt thy Way,
Haſte lovely Nymph without Delay;
'Tis ROUNDWAY HILL inſpires the Strain,
Fair Spot where many a youthful Swain
And many a Nymph unknown to Fame
Have oft confeſs'd a mutual Flame,
As on his vary'd Sides they ſtray'd
Or ſate within the peaceful Shade.

Come then fair Nymph let's haſte away
And make the moſt of tranſient Day:
Let us ſurvey the Mountain's Sweets,
His verdant Plain and ſoft Retreats:

His

His Sylvan Gods well pleas'd will ſmile
And well reward our pleaſing Toil,
His Naiads and their finny Crew
Will all rejoice and welcome you,
His feather'd Choir will ſweetly ſing
And all his Groves and Grottos ring.

Come then fair Nymph let's haſte away
While orient ſkies proclaim the Day,
E're PHŒBUS, gain his greateſt height
And THETIS' weſtern Regions light:
The chearful morn can beſt diſplay
Each rural Charm and aid the Lay.

Now while the Lark pours forth his Tale
And no rude horn diſturbs the Vale,
While tim'rous Hares a Reſpite find
And Flow'rs and Shrubs perfume the Wind;
Now while the Milk-Maid young and gay
Bends to the gen'rous Cow her Way,

While peaceful Flocks brisk Shepherds tend
And from the Wolf's fell Gripe defend:
ROUNDWAY! the Muse and I pursue
The curling Path that leads to you.

Now, now we reach thy spreading Feet
Where rural Beauty smiles complete;
Thy Feet with waving Woods o'erspread
Which form a still and solemn Shade
For heav'nly Contemplation made.

Methinks I here could ever dwell
And bid the busy World farewell;
'Mong bubbling Fountains, blooming Flow'rs,
Bewitching Groves and tranquil Bow'rs;
While gently blows the fragrant Breeze
Softly wisp'ring thro' the Trees,
And winged Songsters raise the Lay
Enough to melt the Soul away.

Oft e're I convers'd with the Muſe
Or dream'd of bright Caſtalian Dews,
Oft e're I bent before the Shrine
Of Love and wiſh'd ſome Damſel mine,
When early Youth flow'd thro' my Frame
And crude Ideas wanted Flame;
Oft have I wander'd here alone
A Saturday's whole Afternoon
And oft with many a School-mate here
Thirſty I've drank the Waters clear,
Then eager climb'd the lofty Hill
Refreſh'd by the ſweet murm'ring Rill.

And now this lovely bleſt Retreat
Alas! I quit yet prais'd be Fate,
New Objects ſtill delight my Mind,
Tho' of a leſs enchanting Kind:
The Hill's rough Side, the naked Glade
Can charm not like the bliſsful Shade.

Now, now I mount and now for me,
Thanks to thee gay Variety!
Thy checquer'd Scene begins to ſpread
Before I reach the Mountain's head
While near his wiſp'ring Clumps I tread;
Before I reach the Summit high
Yon Hills on others ſeem to lie:
But Vallies ſmile between, below
And new made Joys delight me now.

Should black Misfortune on thee frown,
Oh Damon caſt thyſelf not down;
Tho' putrid Damps infect thy Sheep,
Peace to thy Breaſt nor ſigh nor weep;
Climb up bright Hope's beflower'd Hill
And truſt to Heav'n's all bounteous Will.
If no kind Change at firſt appear,
Still travel on, ſtill perſevere:

As happy Times you yet may find
As thoſe t'were Grief to leave behind.

Now ROUNDWAY! now thy Top I gain,
An open fair and ſpacious Plain
Where mild Hygeia loves to reign.

No longer now thoſe Clumps I ſee
That ſo far off diſtinguiſh thee;
Thoſe Clumps that in my Boſom rais'd
Such Rapture as on them I gaz'd
When juſt return'd with ſcanty Gains
From bloody wild COLUMBIAN Plains;
The then dire Seat of noiſy War,
Sweet Clumps! I view'd you from afar:
But now I mount above the Brow
You hide your Heads and ſink below.

Here all is quiet, no rude Noiſe
Intruding on my ſecret Joys;

The World below ſeems hush'd in Peace
And angry jarring Diſcords ceaſe,
While the bright Linnet ſweetly ſings
And Zephyrs fan me with their Wings.

How diff'rent once appear'd the Scene!
For here has ſtern BELLONA been,
When Armies bitterly enrag'd,
In Conteſt terrible engag'd.
Here vanquiſh'd * Waller loſt the Day
While many a Hero dy'd away,
And many a purple Deluge ſtain'd
The Turf e're Wilmot Victʼry gain'd.
Fancy paints the horrid Scene,
And ſees whole Ranks of maimed Men
Fall and expire beneath the Force
Of the intrepid conquering Horſe;

And

* Sir Ralph Hopton and the Corniſh Forces were in the civil Wars beſieged in *Devizes*, by the Parliament Army, commanded by Sir William Waller, conſiſting of full 2500 Horſe, and near 3000 Foot with an excellent Train of Artillery, which upon the unexpected Arrival of Lord Wilmot from Oxford with only 1500 Horſe belonging to the King, and two ſmall Pieces of Cannon, drew off to this Plain, where they were totally defeated, *July* 13th, 1643.

And on them many a trampling Steed,
Pierc'd with the fatal Weapon bleed;
And down the Precipices nigh,
Both Men and Horſes fall and die.
And now I hear their diſmal Cries
Aſcending tow'rds the vaulted Skies,
While martial Thunders ſhake the Ground
And echo from the Mountains round.
There too horrific War has been,
Behold th' Intrenchment * cloath'd in green;
Long e're the deep ton'd Cannon roar'd,
Or Muſket ſhrill its Miſchief pour'd,
With glitt'ring Spears and Falchions arm'd,
By Roman hands perhaps 'twas form'd.

Oh cruel Stars! unhappy Fate!
What dire Events your Will await;

What

* An Intrenchment on the adjoining Hill, by ſome called Oliver Cromwell's Caſtle, whence the Hill takes the Name of Caſtle Hill: But I am induced with others to conceive it muſt have been a Work thrown up by the Romans.

What Horrors wide their Ravage ſpread,
What Streams of human Blood are ſhed!
To gratify ambitious Man,
Whoſe Days are but a Dream, a Span.

Tis curs'd Self-int'reſt Source of Strife
That thus o'erclouds the Vale of Life,
That ſpoils the roſeate Bow'r of Peace
And bids the Thorn ſupply its Place.
Accurs'd Self-int'reſt loſt to Shame,
True Friendſhip ſickens at the Name;
For you're no longer now the Friend,
Than ſomething is to be obtain'd.

So ſucks the Bee the honey'd Flow'r,
Till he can ſuck its Sweets no more,
And when he's gather'd all he can
He acts the Part of faithleſs Man:
Th' exhauſted Flow'r deſerted ſtands
And he his flutt'ring Wings expands.

And let yon ſhady ſtately Tree
Inſtruct us like the Flow'r and Bee:
See how his Branches wave and play,
Beneath them ſee how Shepherds gay
Well pleas'd avoid the noon-tide Ray.
Cut but thoſe ſpreading Branches down,
The ſlighted Trunk invites not one.

And now let ſad Reflection reſt,
While the rich Proſpect chears my Breaſt,
Where Nature dreſs'd in lovely Eaſe,
A thouſand Ways the Sight can pleaſe
And Art to pleaſe me too eſſays.

What various Forms I now eſpy,
What Objects ſweet below me lie,
Which ne'er I think can ſate the Eye;
While PHŒBUS' bright meridian Beams,
Like Light'nings dart from lucid Streams

That

That wind the Woods and Meads among
And flow or faſter glide along,
And all around and over Head
Is fair, and no rude Storm I dread.

As the remoteſt Soil I view,
Th' Horizon boaſts a heav'nly Blue;
The diſtant Hills no Burthen bear,
No pregnant Clouds lie preſſing there,
But like Clouds thoſe Hills appear.

Now the Eye again draws in,
How ſhall the Muſe deſcribe the Scene?
Lo! here 'tis clad in Colours bright,
And there in Colours of the Night.

Unnumber'd fair and ſpacious Fields,
Gay with what kind CERES yeilds,
Waters ſtagnant, Waters flowing,
Bloſſoms fair of Spring's beſtowing,

Bloſſoms that diffuſe their Sweets,
Thro' Villages and rural Seats,
I ſee, while many a Cottage, Farm
And Town aſſiſt the Sight to charm,
And here and there a Tow'r, a Spire,
Preſumptuous at the Skies aſpire.

O'er the Stream that gently creeps,
There the ſilent Willow weeps,
Sedgy Marſhes from me far,
Breathe noxious Vapours to the Air;
There the dark mournful Yew expands,
That in the lonely Churchyard ſtands,
And behold the Flocks of Sheep,
Near yon Cliffs remote and ſteep,
While glitt'ring in the checquer'd Scene,
Appear the juicy Turnip's green
And the ſweetly ſcented Bean.

Famous for his annual Fairs,
Blue yon neighb'ring * Hill appears,
Some for Pleaſure more for Gain,
Yearly mount his graſſy Plain.
As the Eye looks farther on,
Other ‡ Hills beyond him dawn;
Hills once fam'd for War's Alarms.
And the Din of noiſy Arms,
When VESPASIAN conq'ring all,
Beheld unnumber'd Britons fall.

Behold on high th' unſocial * Plain
Extend, where oft with heartfelt Pain,
Benighted Trav'lers loſt their way
And pray'd for the return of Day,

And

* St. Ann's Hill.

‡ Many Victories over the Britons in theſe Parts, are aſcribed to VESPASIAN, when this Country was invaded by the Romans.

* Saliſbury Plain.

And many a one in wint'ry Blaſt
And treach'rous Snow has breath'd his laſt,
And when the bright electric Stream,
Has darted forth with Speed extreme;
Many a one has been no more,
Nor heard the dire Exploſion roar.

Rear'd by ancient Briton's Hands,
There, a ſtupendous * Structure ſtands,
Near where (painful 'tis to tell)
Their Countrymen all bleeding fell,
To Hengiſt's cruel Treachery,
An hapleſs and unguarded Prey.
Say, of their Suff'ring is it meant,
As a huge lonely Monument?

For

* Stonehenge, or Stonehengeſt, by the Britons call'd CAER-GAWR, is a moſt amazing Structure of huge irregular ſtones on Saliſbury Plain near Ambroſebury (now Ameſbury,) ſo called from Ambroſius King of the Britons.—The learned differ about the occaſion of this ſtrange Pile.—Moſt think it to be a druidical Temple, but after all it ſeems more probably to have been erected in order to commemorate the diabolical Treachery, and incomparable Maſſacre of the Britons by Hengiſt the Saxon, which was perpetrated near that place.

Near and for a conſiderable Diſtance round it, are a great number of Barrows, in which have been dug great Quantities of human Bones, broken Spears &c.

For many a Bone of human kind,
Moulder'd in Earth we near it find,
And many a tumid Sepulchre,
The like produce around it far,
With broken Inſtruments of War.
Or was it rais'd up to inſpire
The DRUID's Breaſt with holy Fire?
Far from the Noiſe of empty Folly,
Sweet contemplative Melancholy!
Oft has this humble Breaſt of mine,
There felt and own'd thy Pow'r divine.
So is this Pile gigantic plac'd,
The timid Paſſer ſeems menac'd,
By many a looſe high nodding Stone,
Ghaſtly! he fancies falling down.

Strange Spot! where if each vulgar Mind
Can ſuch peculiar Rapture find,
How muſt it ſtrike the more refin'd!

Riſing in the etherial Space,
Now yon Gothic * Spire I trace;
From the lab'ring Eye ſo far,
It's lofty Summit's loſt in Air.

Beneath an hoary rugged Hill,
See ‡ Wroughton's Shades retir'd and ſtill,
With Gloom's black Mantle ever hung,
Where Philomela oft has ſung
And Echo thro' the dark Woods rung.

In thoſe deep Solitudes oh ſay,
Do wand'ring Spirits love to ſtray?
Or do the nimble fairy Band
Oft meet and caper hand in hand?
Or do ſome frightful Hag dwell there
And ſtop th' unwary Traveller,

Who

* Saliſbury Spire.

‡ Wroughton's Folly, the Property of Seymour Wroughton Eſq; is a ſolitary Retirement, about 4 miles from Devizes.

Who ſwells with Fear then ſinks away,
Cold as inanimated Clay?

Whence do theſe ſtrange Ideas flow?
Oh ſurely not from Founts below!
Have they no great cœleſtial Cauſe?
Ye learned ſay and give Applauſe.
Sure as ſuch Thoughts engroſs the Mind,
So ſure they are by Heav'n deſign'd,
To teach us a grand Something lies
In Nature's occult Myſteries.

As on the ſunny Brow I lie,
Oh how delighted is mine Eye,
That now attentively looks down
On that gay trading well known Town. *
Paſt Scenes I paint of happy kind,
And revolve them in my Mind;

Now

* Devizes.

Now I reflect tho few my Years,
How oft yon Curfew's ſhock'd mine Ears,
When many a lov'd Relation, Friend,
Was ſoon or late brought to an End;
And there * entomb'd my Infant dear,
And tender Mother ſleeping near, ‡
Draw from mine Eye the haſty Tear.

Perhaps they ſee me from on high,
Heaving for them the unfeign'd Sigh,
And the Tear burſting from mine Eye.
Bleſs'd be their Shades for ever bleſs'd,
In the bright Realms of Joy and Reſt!

Lofty is that ſhining || Spire,
Towers near it leſs aſpire,
A Thouſand Houſes round them lie,
Th' Abodes of Wealth and Induſtry.

But

* The Yard of S. James's Chapel, Devizes-Green.

‡ St. John's Church-Yard, Devizes.

|| St. Mary's Spire, Devizes.

But while I look and look again,
Down on thoſe num'rous Haunts of Men,
Oh let me think what Troubles, Cares,
Tho' Life's ſhort Stage alas! are theirs.

On that ſteep Mount where Years ago,
A ſtrong built *. Caſtle ſtood, ſee now,
Shrubs native and exotic riſe,
And larger Trees of diff'rent Dyes,
Whoſe Boughs by Taſte directed ſpread
And afford many a fragrant Shade.
Amid them blaze with Beams of Day,
A Summer-houſe and Wind-Mill gay,
Whoſe Wings oft to the Breezes play.
Long did that once fam'd * Caſtle ſtand,
Oppos'd to many a hoſtile Band,

* Devizes Caſtle, according to Speed, was one of the moſt conſiderable in Europe. Holingſhead informs us it was the ſtrongeſt Hold in England.

* There is no doubt but this Caſtle was partly deſtroyed in the Time of King Stephen, notwithſtanding it was long after conſidered as a Place of great Strength, and the Government of it beſtowed on one of the firſt Nobility. In the Civil Wars between Charles the firſt and his Parliament, it was beſieged ſeveral Times, and at laſt the Remainder of its Walls and other Fortifications were totally demoliſhed by the Parliament Army.

E're bloody Faction ſent the Blow,
That laid its lofty Turrets low;
And the loud Cannon's whiſtling Balls,
To level its remaining Walls,
In reſtleſs CROMWELL's later Day,
Like furious Lightnings made their Way.

Go ſearch the now more tranquil Place,
And many a Veſtige fairly trace,
But ſpread like duſt before the Wind,
Scarce is one Relict left behind.

Thus when from this mean Lump of Clay,
My Soul unfetter'd flies away;
Theſe Limbs which oft this Brow could climb,
Periſh'd beneath the Pow'r of Time,
At rigid Fate's ſevere Decree,
May here and there diſperſed be.

Now pleaſing to the curious Eye,
* SOUTH-BROOM's fair Manſion I eſpy,
Bleſs'd Seat of ſoft domeſtic Eaſe!
Serenely ſmiling thro' the Trees,
At whoſe rich hoſpitable Gate,
Hundreds have thank'd a bounteous Fate.

To guard it from the rude North-weſt,
Tall Limes I ſee in Verdure dreſs'd,
To gaily paint the rural Scene,
There has indulgent Nature been;
The Trees in Harmony abound,
And fragrant Meadows there are found,
And Art has plann'd the wiſp'ring Shade,
And many a Path meand'ring made.
Smile on ſweet Scenes for Years nor ceaſe,
A HEATHCOTE's halcyon Breaſt to pleaſe!

Cloſe

* The well known Reſidence of a worthy Family

Cloſe by the Hill's beflower'd Feet,
Behold that charming beauteous * Seat;
Glittering like yon lucid Streams,
Refulgent with APOLLO's Beams,
And like yon aſſcending Spire,
It ſeems to dart forth liquid Fire.

Oh Heav'n! propitious to my Pray'r,
May Health long breathe her Influence there!
Fair Goddeſs! may ſhe ever ſmile,
In and around that ſtately Pile;
That new rais'd Pile, ſo ſweetly grac'd,
With Architecture's charming Taſte.
There, nor the high arch'd Gate nor Door,
Dare ſhut againſt the ſuppliant Poor,
Nor dare an upſtart Menial there,
Inſult Diſtreſs or ſlight his Pray'r.

High in the Vale the Fabric ſtands,
And a rich weſtern Scene commands,

Encircling

* New Park, the Seat of JAMES SUTTON, Eſq.

Encircling Nature's various Hues,
With Pleaſure feaſt th' attentive Muſe.
How beauteous ſmile the dappled Mead,
Where fleecy Flocks in Quiet feed,
The ſmooth grown Lawn, refreſhing Shade,
The Garden gay, the open Glade,
The Shrub'ry rich and Thicket fair,
Breathing a ſweet ambroſial Air,
O'er the green Park well ſtock'd with Deer.
And thro' yon peaceful ſloping Grove,
Elyſian Haunt of Virtuous Love!
Oh may theſe Scenes ſtill charm the ſame,
Long honor'd with a SUTTON's Name!

Say SUTTON! ſay, for oft you've ſeen,
The guilty Senate ſtain'd with Sin,
Do not theſe Joys far ſweeter prove,
Than all Auguſta's Pomp above?
Retired now, withdrawn thy Voice,
Be rural Charms thy laſting Choice.

No crafty Stateſman bawling here,
Shall rudely wound thy peaceful Ear,
But Health to thee her Gifts ſhall ſend,
And on thy deareſt Half attend;
She in whoſe ſpotleſs happy Breaſt,
True Worth preſides alone confeſs'd;
And from thine own ſweet ROUNDWAY HILL,
And from his Groves retir'd and ſtill,
Salubrious from Contagion clear,
Bleſs'd Gales ſhall fan thy Offspring dear.

Nor ſhall the * Woods I there eſpy,
By the MUSE unnotic'd lie;
Woods that form inſpiring Shades,
For her and all her Sifter-maids:
For there the Needy find a Friend,
And daily for their Alms attend.

And

* A beautiful Seat at EARLE-STOKE, the Property of JOSHUA SMITH, Eſq. and the Place of his Reſidence with his Family, who are no leſs remarkable for their Attachment to polite Literature, than their Benevolence among their indigent Neighbours.

And near too other Manſions lie,
Of Wealth and Hoſpitality.
More eaſtward now direct the Sight,
To where yon healthful Shades invite,
And view o'er many a ſmiling Field,
The ſylvan Proſpect * CLIFT-HALL ſhield,
While MEADE'S fair ‡ Haunt of virtuous Eaſe,
Is hid by other Hills and Trees;
And § WHISTLEY near and || COULSTON too,
Alike appear not to my View.
Lo! there ¶ a Stranger to the Cares,
That leſs eſteem'd Dependance ſhares,
More happy Poore in Quiet knows,
The Comfort that from Affluence flows,
And † further on his aged Sire,
Thus bleſs'd can from the World retire.

And

* CLIFT-HALL, the Seat of Colonel Vince.

‡ EASTWELL, the Reſidence of T. Meade Eſq.

§ WHISTLEY, the Rev. Dr. Kent's.

|| COULSTON, where ——Mackay Eſq. has a Seat.

¶ WEDHAMPTON, where Edw. Poore, Eſq. Junr. has a Seat.

† RUSSELL, where——Poore, Eſq. Senr. has a Seat.

And theſe enjoy'd Abodes between,
Near where yon curling Streams are ſeen,
WARRENER'S lofty Trees aſſcend
And from rude Storms his † Roof defend.

Think not ye gen'rous and humane,
Your worthy Actions are in vain;
For he who to the Poor hath given,
Shall meet a juſt Reward in Heaven.

Bluſh ye vile Crew whoſe Coffers ſhine,
With the rich Product of the Mine,
Who niggardly your Aid refuſe,
To check the needy Suppliant's Woes.
Never oh Heav'n born Charity!
Ceaſe to be found confeſs'd with me;
Though ſmall my Pow'r by Fate confin'd,
Still deign fair Maid to grace my Mind,

Nor

† The Seat of——WARRENER Eſq. at CONOCK.

Nor let me once like Some diſdain,
To hear the needy Wretch complain,
Or grudge my Mite to eaſe his Pain.

On the Mountain's weſtern Brow,
Lo! how the Proſpect widens now;
Still does mine Eye view o'er and o'er,
Gay Objects ſuch as pleas'd before;
Still the ſame Face does Nature ſhow,
Serene above and fair below,
Where ten thouſand Trees ariſe,
And more, aſcending tow'rds the Skies.

Let Art extravagantly paint,
With theſe her Beauties would be faint:
T'is Nature's Pencil, her's alone,
That can the Scene with Grandeur crown.
Bright Artiſts nicely may apply,
Soft Colours to amuſe the Eye:

But oh their dumb unſocial Trees,
Hold not ſweet Converſe with the Breeze;
The Breeze that wakes the ſacred Lyre,
And fills the Breaſt with heav'nly Fire.

Penſive, ſilent now I gaze
On Avon's willow'd Stream that ſtrays,
In Courſe ſerpentine thro' the Vale,
Murmuring no unmeaning Tale,
To him who with Braminian Mind,
May on his Margin be reclin'd.

Oft have I ſtray'd to ſome lone Wood,
Where rowls a ſoftly murm'ring Flood,
Or open Vale where glides the ſame,
Far from the Noiſe of empty Fame,
And oft I've mus'd whole Hours away,
As on the flowery Bank I lay,
And watch'd the Waters by me paſs,
Like Time but with a gentler Pace,

Forming

Forming a juſt Reflection there,
That ev'ry fleeting Moment's dear,
And felt perhaps a painful Sigh,
Dilate my Breaſt that riſes high,
Ev'n now to think how Some miſpend,
Whole Years and righteous Heav'n offend.

On yon Mountain's diſtant Head,
Where harmleſs Flocks are daily fed,
Seen on Neptune's Regions far,
By many a vent'rous Mariner,
Inconſtant to the lab'ring Eye,
See how yon ‡ Tow'r invades the Sky.
But no ſooner in my Sight,
Than t'is vaniſh'd from me quite,
When to my Mind Reflection brings,
Th' Uncertainty of human things;

And

‡ Stourton Tower, ſtanding on Stourton Hill, was erected at the Expence of the Hoares, of Stourton Park, as a Monument of King Alfred's glorious Victories over the Danes, near Eddington, &c.

And Braton's Rampart * there behold,
By fell Invaſion wrought of Old,
Whoſe barbarous Oppreſſion † near,
Was check'd in it's long felt Career,
And met with that Chaſtiſement due,
Bleſt Alfred! injur'd Chief! from you,
And ſoon to triumph here no more,
Fled the proud Foe thy hoſtile Shore.
Beloved Prince! thy ſacred Name,
Thy Country's Love will ever claim;
For of her beſt, her nobleſt Laws,
Thou art confeſs'd the virtuous Cauſe.

Now weſtward, Mendip Hills ariſe
And ſalute their native Skies,

Cambrian

* A Daniſh Encampment called Bratton Caſtle, and ſaid to be the place where the Danes defended themſelves, with the moſt obſtinate Bravery, fourteen Days after they had been defeated by the great Alfred. It has been a Work of great Labour, being ſeated on the Top of a Hill almoſt inacceſſable, and towards the Bottom almoſt ſurrounded with deep Trenches and Ramparts.

That many of the Danes have been killed in this place, is evident from the great number of their funeral Monuments, ſtill remaining, and in ſeveral parts of it have been dug up ſeveral Pieces of Iron armour, it being the Practice of thoſe People to bury the Arms of the deceas'd along with the Body.

‡ A Field near Eddington, before mention'd.

Cambrian Mountains farther ſtill,
Swell o'er many a lofty Hill,
And like Clouds that float in Air,
To the diſtant Eye appear,
But thoſe Streaks of miſty Light,
That almoſt cheat the ſtudious Sight,
Are humid Vapours that exhale,
From wat'ry Meadows in a Vale:
Perhaps from Severn's buoyant Flood,
Where unnumber'd Barks have rode,
Severn whoſe frequented Tide,
I've often ſeen ſerenely glide,
And often in the furious Gale,
His Waves ſplaſh o'er the cloſe reef'd Sail,
And heard his clam'rous Surges roar,
And ſeen them laſh the trembling Shore.

Such are the Scenes in human Life!
A little Peace, a deal of Strife,

We all experience here below,
And no permanent Quiet know.

As on Lanſdown's * Plain I gaze,
Paſt Horrors how my Mind ſurveys.
Hundreds methinks I ſee no more,
Welt'ring in their purple Gore;
Loud Cannons ſhake the Atmoſphere,
And the ſhrill Muſkets pierce mine Ear.
Dying with diſtracting Wounds,
Now I hear REBELLION's Groans,
And now the death ſtruck Soldier's Cries,
Who for his King expiring lies.

T'was on Lanſdown's lofty Ground,
Brave GRENVILLE felt the fatal Wound;
GRENVILLE, the Pride of Wiſdom's Train,
In the royal Conteſt ſlain!

'Tis

* Landſdown in Somerſetſhire, where there was a great Battle fought, between the Royal Army and that of the Parliament, July 2d. 1642, when Sir Bevil Grenville was killed, and whoſe Fall was ſo deſervedly lamented.

'Tis all the ſame t'impartial Fate;
As fall the lowly fall the GREAT!

Far diſtant ſee yon ‡ aged Pile,
It's fractur'd Arch and ruin'd Ile,
Whoſe ivy'd Sides ſad Damps infeſt,
Where the lone Screech-owl builds her Neſt.
Sadly pleaſant ſee it ſtand,
Torn by Time's relentleſs Hand;
Rough are its Walls thro' old Age grown,
And Toads creep o'er the fallen Stone.
Where once the level Pavement lay,
Rank Weeds their baneful Heads diſplay;
Keen Winds the unroof'd Choir oft ſhake,
And howling there ſad Diſcord make:
But ſhielded from the Winds and Rains,
* ATHELSTAN's Tomb ev'n yet remains.

Ah me! while now I ruminate,
On the ſevere Decrees of Fate;

Let

‡ The Ruins of Malmſbury Abbey.

* The great ATHELSTAN, who ſo richly endowed that Abbey, was by his deſire buried in a large Tomb there.

Let me reflect that Man is Heir,
To thoſe Decays I view afar,
Soon are the Joys of Youth no more!
Long e're we reckon grave three Score,
From the worn Cheek the Naiad ſteals,
And quits the Stream which Time congeals.
Three Score attain'd, Death drawing nigh,
Oh Man view thy Infirmity!
Bleſs'd then the Soul that Virtue warms,
And no foul Guilt her Hope diſarms.

Lo! now 'tween Monkton-Farley's * Trees,
And this lov'd Spot of rural Eaſe,
How many ſumptuous Manſions lie,
Well known to Hoſpitality.
Near thoſe high Trees whoſe Shades expand,
See SEYMOUR's ancient Fabric ſtand,

'Mong

* Monkton-Farley in Somerſetſhire, where LORD WEYMOUTH SEYMOUR, has a pleaſant SEAT.

'Mong faireſt Groves more to the right,
Approaching nearer to the Sight,
METHUEN's fam'd ‡ Pile is ſweetly plac'd,
With richeſt Paintings amply grac'd.
DICKENSON's †† wealthy Gates hard by,
Ariſe concealed from mine Eye,
And Lacock's antique ‖ Arches bend,
Where Superſtition whilom reign'd.
Alike the Seats § of MONTAGUE,
And AWDREY riſe not to my View.
There Sandwich Hill's aſpiring Trees,
Waving receive the vernal Breeze,
And kindly breathe ambroſial Health,
Around the Reſidence of Wealth,
And ſee yon ſylvan * Scene ſpread wide,
And BAYNTUN's ſpacious Manſion hide.

‡ The Seat of PAUL METHUEN, Eſq. at CORSHAM.
†† The Seat of———DICKENSON, Eſq. at MONKS:
‖ LACOCK ABBEY.
§ The Seat of———MONTAGUE, Eſq. at LACKHAM.
* SPY-PARK, the Seat of Sir EDWARD BAYNTUN.

Now behold where § NORRIS ſees,
The Joys of ſweet domeſtic Eaſe;
And yon Hill and Woods ‡ behind,
LANDSDOWN's auguſt Gates you'll find;
LANDSDOWN who with conſtant Zeal,
Nobly purſues his Country's Weal,
Nor baſely he like ſome deſcends
From Truth to ſerve ignoble Ends.

Quitting now yon arched * Dome,
Riſing in a mournful Gloom;
How many Towns I ſee extend,
And their diff'rent Smokes aſſcend;
While pleaſant Villages and Farms,
Unfold a thouſand lovely Charms,
And taper Spires and moſs grown Tow'rs,
Peep o'er the Woods and fragrant Bow'rs,

And

§ The Seat of —— NORRIS, Eſq. at NONSUCH.

‡ BOWOOD the Seat of the MARQUISS of LANDSDOWN.

* The Mauſoleum in one of the Marquiſs of Landſdown's Woods.

And view th' enclos'd and open Ground,
With various Herbage amply crown'd,
And there tall Elms in many a Row,
Their green expanded Branches ſhow,
Shading the furzy Heath below.

Ah! within this ſpacious Scene,
Is ev'ry Boſom free from Pain?
Does not ſome Heart this Moment prove
The cruel Pangs of ſlighted Love;
Or leſs cruelly diſtend,
With the Doubts that Love attend?
And does no faithful Huſband moan,
His tender Wife deceas'd and gone;
Or tender Wife in Tears deplore,
Her faithful Huſband now no more?
A Mother's Cries methinks I hear,
O'er her dying Infant dear,
And view the Father's ſilent Tear.

And ah within this ſpacious Scene,
Where Silence ſeems alone to reign;
Who knows but Griefs of ev'ry Kind,
Triumphant prey on many a Mind?
But to thee oh gracious Heaven!
Let eternal Thanks be given,
Who can our Days with Comfort bleſs,
And ſupport us in Diſtreſs.
Truſt in thy God then oh weak Man!
Be Reaſon's Laws thy conſtant Plan;
Whatever Ills afflict thy Mind,
By her thy guiltleſs Hand confin'd,
Shall never rudely on thee fall,
Nor for thy God's Reſentment call.

More yellow now the Meads are grown,
Enliven'd by the journeying Sun;
The Cuckow Flow'r and Cowſlip gay,
Freſh Luſtre draw from each bright Ray.

And now I hear the tuneful Note,
Of PHILOMELA's warbling Throat,
Pouring forth a plaintive Tale,
Near DELME's Villa ‡ in the Vale,
And where yon ſtill * Shades prevail;
Where to Juſtice, Truth ſincere,
To Virtue and his Country dear,
Faithful to his Country's Laws,
SEYMOUR diſdains the unjuſt Cauſe.

But ſay, will thoſe foul Sons of Sin,
Who've juſtly by him puniſh'd been,
Applaud the Muſe who'd gladly raiſe,
A loftier Strain his Worth to praiſe?
Perſiſt good Man nor heed their Hate,
Nor thy juſt Cuſtoms mitigate,
Leſt baneful Vice before 'tis long,
A Torrent pour that proves too ſtrong.

‡ ROWDE-FORD, the Property of PETER DELME, Eſq.

* The Seat of LORD WILLIAM SEYMOUR, one of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace, at SEEND.

For plain, too plain it is to ſee,
Th' Increaſe of black Iniquity.

Now APOLLO's fiery Steeds,
Play upon the Mountain's Heads.
Short alas! too ſhort their ſtay!
How they withdraw and ſteal away.
Now they vaniſh from my Sight.
Yet the Scene continues bright;
The golden Curtains of his Bed,
Behold! how beautiful they ſpread,
In Colours of cœleſtial Flame,
And my Admiration claim.

Swifter than the ſwifteſt Wind,
Fancy will not be confin'd;
Fancy now tranſported ſees,
Thoſe Steeds all blazing plunge with Eaſe,
Into the briny weſtern Main,
And ſink to ſhortly riſe again.

'Tis

'Tis thus with Man who'll not deny,
To live again we all muſt die.

Oh may our Boſoms be ſerene,
When Death prepares to cloſe the Scene;
When the fine Thread of Life is ſpun,
May we depart like that bright Sun,
For ſure our Heav'n is then begun!
As he embrac'd yon weſtern Skies,
Thus glorious in the Eaſt he'll riſe:
Had Tempeſt mark'd his going down,
Succeeding Morn alike would frown.

Now the glim'ring Landſcape fades,
And her dim Mantle Ev'ning ſpreads;
The lab'ring Hind his Toil forſakes,
And homeward tir'd himſelf betakes,
And ſoon the well earn'd Bread he breaks.
The Farmer too will now regale,
With Potions of more potent Ale,

Health gliding thro' his throbbing Veins,
Gift of the breezy Woods and Plains!
Now tinkling Sheep-bells far and near,
From many a wealthy Fold I hear,
While Shepherds happy in their Lot,
Hie to the low-built ſtraw-capt Cot,
Where balmy Sleep is quickly ſought.

On the lonely Brow I tread,
And the diſtant Proſpect's fled;
Scarcely travels now mine Eye,
Beyond its own Vicinity,
And the curv'd Horizon round,
Is in a ſmaller Compaſs bound.
CYNTHIA now her Beams diſplays,
And HESPER ſhoots forth feebler Rays,
Chearing me as I deſcend,
And to the Shades my Footſteps bend.

Hail

Hail lovely Shades of ROUNDWAY HILL!
And the ſweetly murm'ring Rill;
Hail tuneful Birds that haunt his Groves!
Chaunting forth undiſembled Loves.
Who would not venal Courts forego,
The Joys that you unfold to know,
And the TOWN's Contagion fly,
Along theſe flow'ry Paths to hie,
Where Health appears with mirthful Eye?
Truth throughout this rural Scene,
Unmoleſted holds her Reign,
Truth unblemiſh'd with Diſguiſe,
Charms the Ear and feaſts the Eyes.

Indulge me Fate, oft here to ſtray,
And enjoy the warbled Lay,
And within the ſecret Bow'r,
The ſweetly contemplative Hour;

And as I taſte the limpid Rill,
Inſpir'd oft let me think of ſtill,
A Verſe in Praiſe of ROUNDWAY HILL.

THE END.

28 JUN 48